

6-6-1919

## Connecticut College News Vol. 4 No. 23

Connecticut College

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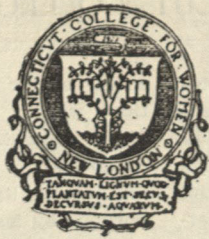
### Recommended Citation

Connecticut College, "Connecticut College News Vol. 4 No. 23" (1919). *1918-1919*. Paper 25.  
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## RED AND WHITE: FRESHMEN'S DELIGHT

Red and white seemed to be the most popular color of Connecticut College campus on Saturday, May 24th.

Now this day had a great deal of significance. It belonged to the Freshman—had been set apart for them, in fact—and they could have burned, robbed, and pillaged to their hearts' content if they had so desired, and no one would have lifted a finger to stop them.

But no self-respecting Freshman would consider for a moment the idea of burning, or pillaging, or robbing either, for that matter. Painting is much more fun, and not nearly so barbaric or expensive. No, it was not the boathouse roof, neither was it North Cottage. But if you had chanced to take a stroll out to the field where the Sophomores play cricket and the Freshmen play baseball, you would have seen that four Freshmen were up to something with paint pot and brushes so early in the morning.

The place presented the appearance of a gory battlefield. Rocks, posts and boxes blushed with warm red color, and even the bases were rouged for the occasion, while big, White, 22's peeped out here and there. This was the opening cannon, so to speak, of the day.

The Juniors' sister class was not slow in getting into action. Early in the morning, oh very early indeed, every loyal Freshman gritted her teeth, rose from her comfortable cot, clothed herself in red and white, and sallied forth into the cool dawn.

Quietly, stealthily, subduing all giggles, the crowd of red and white figures visited each dormitory in turn, bursting into songs and cheers when they were well inside each, and near enough to wake even the soundest sleeping Senior.

And when the rounds had been duly made, and everyone was hoarse and very hungry, there was breakfast, and tables reserved for the Freshmen, and the dining room resplendent in red, also in honor of the Freshmen. Then followed more songs and cheers, while the upper classmen looked on, and smiled dreamily at the recollections of their youthful college days.

But the most impressive feature of the day was the exercises at chapel, which was held out of doors. The faculty lent an aspect of solemnity to the occasion by appearing in cap and

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

## FRESHMEN WINNERS OF BASEBALL GAME

The Freshmen defeated the Sophomores by a score of 5-0 on Saturday afternoon, May 24, in the first class baseball game of the season. The game began splendidly, neither side scoring for the first five innings, but with the beginning of the sixth the class of 22 with the vim and spirit that had marked them all day rallied and scored three times. Before the game was over they managed to slip two more runs past the plate, and kept the upperclassmen from scoring.

Helen Coops '22 pitched a fine game for her team, passing only one man. Laura Batchelder '21 also did good work during the five innings that she pitched.

The lineup of the two teams was as follows:

'21	'22
L. Batchelder p, cf.....	H. Coops p
D. Wulf c, 1b.....	M. Duncan c
A. Brazos ss.....	B. Finesilver ss
M. Raythwich 1b, c....	M. P. Taylor 1b
M. Adams 2b.....	G. Smith 2b
H. Rich 3b.....	E. Bellows 3b
L. Marvin lf, p.....	C. Bursley lf
R. Smith cf.....	O. Tuthill cf
C. Hall rf.....	W. Warner lf, 3b
A. Arkin 3b.....	C. McCarthy 2b
J. Hippolitus 2b.....	A. Hastings c

## LAST STUDENT RECITAL OF YEAR HELD THURSDAY

Especially significant was the Student Recital held Thursday, May 22nd, as it was the last time some of the performers will be heard at a Student Recital.

The first number on the program was a Minuet by Paderewski, which showed the very excellent technique, with which Ruby Tracy plays.

Marie Antoinette Taylor was charming in Saint-Saens' Aria from Samson and Delilah. She has a pleasing contralto voice, at its best in its higher range.

With her usual delicacy and exquisiteness of touch, Florence Carns rendered Moszkowski's *En Automne*.

Perhaps the most finished in technique was Edith Huggard's rendition of Godard's *En Route*, where she displayed perfect control and mastery of the keyboard.

Marion Williams sang two exquisite little songs, *Après un Reve*, by Faure, and *A Song of India* by Rimsky-Korsakoff.

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

## UNDERGRADUATES SEE "GREEN STOCKINGS"

"Green Stockings," the play presented by members of the Senior class on May 24th, is a light comedy full of clever remarks, humorous characters, and amusing situations. What it lacks in subtlety is made up in wit.

But since the plot itself is weak and fairly obvious, the characters, entertainingly drawn, must also be cleverly presented. This last requisite was certainly attained by the cast of performers. Madeline Rowe, as the typical Englishman of the stage, a dudish drawly sort of fellow, did admirable work throughout. Mariesther Dougherty, as the girl to whom he was engaged, succeeded in impressing the character of a thoughtless, amiable, empty headed girl upon the audience.

The heroine, Marion Wells, was exceptionally charming and attractive.

Perhaps the most polished work of the evening was done by Lillian Shadd as the formidable aunt, tho' in the opinion of many, the father's part as played by Emetta Weed was the best.

Considering the performance as a whole, the players ought to be congratulated on having so well sustained the interest of the audience during the parts where the play itself lacked in content—notably the weak conclusion of the third act—and on having emphasized so skillfully the humor in the dialogues, characters, and situations.

## COMMUNITY WORK IN THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT

On May 25, Dr. Soule of Hartford visited Connecticut College to tell the students where community work is needed in this state. He had just returned from a trip through the northern part of the state where he found a number of small hill towns in need of rejuvenation. They have in olden times given of their best for the nation, but now they are alone and forgotten by the people in the large manufacturing centers. It is to such towns as these that Connecticut can bring her youth and zeal to help rebuild them and bring back their old strength and beauty. Dr. Soule is doing all in his power to assist Connecticut College to establish a colony of students in such a rural community for the summer that they may bring to it some of the light and new knowledge from the world about them. As soon

(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

## OPENINGS FOR COLLEGE WOMEN IN BUSINESS

"There never were so many promising positions for women as now," declared Miss Emma Hirth, Director of the Government Bureau of Vocational Information. "The war has made many openings for the woman doing manual labor," she continued. "There are few new lines for the trained woman, but more women are being admitted to unusual positions."

Positions awaiting the college graduate Miss Hirth described at length. For the student of mathematics, she said, there is work in insurance offices, as an actuary; work in the engineering departments of the public utilities commissions; statistical work on surveys and exhibits, and positions in industrial establishments and banks.

The student of science, continued the speaker, if a chemist, has opportunities in boards of health, hospitals and in food researches; if a bacteriologist, in laboratories, as apprentice.

The idea that there are numerous positions awaiting the student of English in the publishing and magazine houses, Miss Hirth denied. The book firms, she said, are commercial institutions, as much as any manufacturing concerns. The opportunity for women who wish to handle manuscript is very limited. In the field of the magazine there are a few openings for girls who have ideas that will sell. The newspaper offers more opportunities, but requires long hours and hard work. Advertising, declared Miss Hirth, offers the most promising openings.

The call for language students who have nothing else to offer is very limited, according to the speaker. But the girl who has, along with knowledge of languages, knowledge of shorthand and typewriting, will find work in publishing houses, in government positions, and in social and civic organizations.

In the field of economies there is no limit to the demand for workers. Here, said Miss Hirth, a girl with training can find work as personnel manager, as supervisor, and in many other branches of work.

The student of library science will not need to confine herself to the public, private, or school library, said Miss Hirth. Insurance companies, and many business firms employ librarians not only to file and care for documents and records, but also to do research work for members of the firm.



## Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916  
Published Weekly

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## EDITORIAL

### CONNECTICUT COLLEGE AND THE RURAL SOCIAL CENTER

The old order changeth. Nowhere is this more true than in the rural districts. Scattered through Connecticut are small villages, once prosperous and, for that early time, populous. Old houses, filled with large families, the stuff from which the finest men and women in New England, and, indeed, in the United States have originated. Little villages, surrounded by outlying farms supplied with old oaken buckets and wistaria vines. Where the busy men of today grew up, and where they often wish they could grow old. Where the children fall out of bed very early in the morning, and worked hard all day in the fields or around the house, and attended the little red schoolhouse on the hill.

Still sits the schoolhouse on the hill. But the children are gone. The energetic talent of the farm moved away to the city. The old families ran out, one by one. The big, rambling farmhouses slowly yielded to the pressure of circumstance and disintegrated steadily. Off fell the shingles one by one, and down slipped the ridgepole inch by inch. For the children never came back to them again.

Some of the villages prolonged their

lives by erecting factories, whip factories, or tanneries. But the whip trade declined with the population. The neo-American population that had been imported to work in the factories remained and multiplied. They settled down on the outskirts of the villages, and built new farmhouses of their own. But in the center of the villages the old houses stood, staunchly loyal to the old New England tradition. And there they stand now, ranged along the old stage road between Philadelphia and Boston, and along the moist traces of the old canal routes. And often the village has no living nucleus. Its citizens are grouped around the village, but not in it. They are scattered in little handfuls. New England has ceased to be an agricultural community.

Yet the villages still stand. And there are still people living in them. Most of the boys are drawn to the city as soon as opportunity presents itself. The girls, perforce, must stay, and grow old and tired and ambitionless. There is scarcely any social life in the village today. The people work too hard. It is a hard life, long hours, and back breaking labor, unrelenting labor, for years and years and years. Help is scarce, and farms are far between. No one has ambition enough after the long day's work is over, to play. And transportation, like the crops that they raise, is very precarious. The horses are tired, too, when the day is done, and only on Sundays can they be spared to make the trip to town.

Some villages have moving picture shows once a week. Some villages have Strawberry Festivals in the Baptist Church once a year. Some people live so far away that they can't get to either.

And so we have a "rural problem."

The faster the population shifts to the city, the harder it is for the population that remains.

That is why we are beginning to realize that if we are to have a "back-to-the-farm" movement, we must do something to make the farm attractive. Can you imagine yourself living on a muddy country road partly inundated in winter, cut off from every one but your immediate family, washing dishes interminably, and cooking, and washing, and ironing, and seeing your children getting big and awkward and uneducated? Can you imagine yourself, wondering all the time whether the corn was coming up right or the cows giving enough milk, and going to bed when everything was done for the day, dead tired, and looking forward to another lonely day just like the last? You would never stay, no never.

For some years we have known that the city worker would never consent to work at some dull, monotonous task, day after day and year after year. We have been forced to relieve the conditions, for we have been appalled in spite of ourselves by the discouraging array of criminal statistics. And among other things, we have instituted the social center movement. The

social center movement provides for the worker education, recreation, social contact. It gives him a chance to do things, to enter into the life of his community. It unifies the neighborhood by inspiring it with a common bond of union.

But the village statistics are not so carefully compiled, nor so striking, nor so numerous. And yet, when we are faced with a shortage of food supplies again this summer, we are forced to take action. We are forced to take an interest. And when we begin to investigate the conditions, we are more than interested. We are eager to help change the dull life of the village. We realize that if we were as busy earning our living as the farmers are, we wouldn't have any energy left to organize our social life, and yet that if we had no social life we would never have the courage to go on working day after day.

If the city, with its moving picture shows and numerous distractions, feels the need of the social center so acutely that it flocks to them wherever they are established, how much more must the village, devoid of any such attractions, feel the need of organized recreation? and social contact?

It is to meet this need that the plan has been devised for carrying the social center idea into one of the small towns of this state. We, as college girls, especially privileged to enjoy and organize recreation, are called upon to join in this experiment.

A house is to be rented, and a house mother provided. The cost to us will be a merely nominal one, if any, defraying the cost of the raw materials which we eat. The house will hold ten girls at a time. Six is the number which will make it worth while to maintain the establishment. We will go, for two weeks, or three weeks, or a whole summer, and share our good times with people who will help us, and enjoy it just as much as we will. There will be bathing and boating, and other attractions. Now the exact place has not yet been chosen, but it will probably be somewhere near Winsted. It is the best possible chance for us to take the vacation that perhaps we will need when the excitement of Commencement and the last days of college are over for the year, and yet feel that we are not wasting our time and doing nothing. Most of us are not fortunate enough yet to be able to give away our money, but most of us can give some of our time. This is just the very thing for us. And we are just the very people that can do it best.

The plans have not been completed yet, by a long shot. They are getting more attractive every day. You will be hearing a lot more about it, as possibilities develop. This is the idea that Mr. Beard suggested. College men do it very often. And we have even a greater opportunity than the college man, for the farmer himself has the out-of-doors to work in, if nothing else, while his wife has to

work inside all the time. She will enjoy our good times even more than her husband would, for she has less chance to get out and do things.

Every kind of talent is needed for this social center of ours—home economics, vaudeville actors, dramatic talent, recreation leaders, and people that just want to give other people a good time. The only requirement that you must have before you join this party is an interest and a real liking for people. And if you have that, come right along, for it will be the best fun you've ever had, even better than the farm was last summer. We'll have a chance to see the farm from a different angle than just endless rows of corn.

## AMONG OUR POETS

TO—

Sometimes  
A cold wind breaks  
Across my face,  
Invigorating,  
Cold from the north.

And I leap,  
And swing into a dance  
Across the rough road  
Scarred with stones.  
But the wind  
Wends its way onward,  
Impersonal,  
Unimpassioned.

So you, my dear,  
Invigorate,  
Inspire  
The soul of me.  
I write my dreams  
In comprehending rhymes.  
Then you are gone,  
Unmindful,  
Unmoved,  
And my dreams  
Crumble like dead leaves,  
And fall away.

You do not know.  
How could you care?  
But it means all the world to me.

## FAITH AND FISHING-SHACKS

"Dear little Aunt Jane,  
I know you're not going to be one bit surprised at my writing to you so unexpectedly. You always loved surprises and I have one for you now. I'm coming to live with you for two long weeks. It will be very exciting because we never have seen each other you know, not even for one moment—"

The girl looked at the white wall in front of her as if she were a mariner on the fourth watch looking for a distant sail.

"—no, not even for one moment. But I have talked with you so many times, you can never guess, and asked so many, many questions. And I'm tired of not having you answer them, Aunt Jane, so I'm coming to you. I'm



through with talking, through with questioning, through with——"

The girl bit her lip crookedly and bent lower over the paper.

"— yes, through with everything. I am leaving the old world behind. I am coming to find my new world, up there at Sunapee with you; up there in the apple orchards and happy old brooks and the fresh winds blowing off the lake! We'll run and leap and let the wind take our hair for kites. We'll picnic by the old fishing shacks up the river, and I shall throw Kant and Fichte in the maddest pool and dangle Berkeley on my hook for agonizing hours. We'll love everything and never find a bit of bad in even an angle-worm, and we'll be wild, wild, wild—Oh, little Aunt Jane, I'm coming to you tomorrow—tomorrow——"

The head suddenly buried itself in brown arms on the desk, without a sound. Even the Ingersoll lying on her bureau was silent. The Philosophy exam. had come at eight in the morning. She had studied late and forgotten to wind it. In the corridor outside two Seniors were discussing Commencement as they passed the door on the padded matting. The smell of fudge from the Sophomore's room across the hall was heavy in the air. Someone jangled a bicycle bell under the window.

"Ruth," the voice called up, "I'm waiting to go for the mail with you. We've got to decide about the last issue of the Chronicle before the meeting—Oh, Ruth——"

The repeated calls brought no answer from the second floor. The fragrance of apple-blossoms from the blue vase on the tea-table filled the room, at a sudden breath of wind.

Slowly the girl rose to a concentrated position over the desk. With a

quick move she snatched a worn and faded photograph from the corner and stood for a moment holding it close to her with an agonized awkwardness.

"Mother," she breathed. "If you had only lived, I might have been saved all this—this nightmare—but thank God! it's good to come through hell and find the world a new place."

In a moment the whole room seemed changed. The girl laughed with real laughter in her heart, the first there for months. The odd sheets of white paper on the desk mocked her. She reached over, tore them into shreds for the waste-basket, walked eagerly over to the window, and looked out over the misty campus, into her new world.

"I never dreamed it would work—but it did—the fishing shacks and my imaginary little Aunt Jane! 'The synthetic unity of apperception,' why it means—and the Chronicle must have a new cut for Commencement. I'll catch up with Jess. In the silence of the empty room the apple-buds kept the secret."

'20.

## ILLUSION

The room was almost entirely dark. The dull light creeping through the heavy curtains which hung over the windows only allowed me to surmise that the apartment was long, with a sloping roof, and filled with ponderous furniture. A faint odor of dust and paint floated in the air. Suddenly the old monk entered with a candle and led me toward the darkest corner of all. The sputtering, red flame could hardly penetrate the heavy blackness, but shrunk perceptibly as if there was a breeze in the room. The man's body, bent and thin, cast a long, quivering shadow across the uneven floor.

Then, setting his candle on a stool, he lifted a strained, yellow face to mine, and pointed straight before him. I beheld an easel swathed in coarse cloth which was bespattered with paint. The trembling candle-light played over this mottled color, now accentuating a splash of blue, now glimmering on a stain of rich crimson. The top of the

easel disappeared into a blue of darkness above.

"Why have you brought me here?" I demanded, since the monk maintained silence, intermitted only by an occasional thin sigh.

His face did not relinquish its expression of emptiness; every feature remained unchanged, but with one shaking hand he slowly raised the candle above him, and with the other pulled the canvas free of the spotted cloth. Then a shudder passed over his face, which suddenly lit up with inward fire.

"Is it not beautiful?" he whispered.

I now noted for the first time that his hands were stained with paint, that even his face seemed streaked with strange colors. Perhaps it was only an illusion produced by the effect of a feeble light playing over a wrinkled and weary countenance. But I could not rid myself of the impression. Then I turned to admire his masterpiece. A great canvas thick with many coatings of paint met my gaze. But as for a portrait—I could distinguish no figure in the motley of many colors. I peered closer; there was nothing there, nothing but a glorious medley of colors signifying nothing.

"What—who is it?" I questioned in a low tone.

"Ah," he whispered reverently, "is she not beautiful? Do you observe that faint halo gleaming around His Head?"

A. F. H. '22.

## REACTION

Night, a luminous night with a pelucid moon and with radiant stars hung over the whispering woods. A philosopher contemplating a momentous problem walked alone in the forest. Still young was the scholar, yet furrowed was his white brow, and serious was his mien. Deep as fathomless pools were his eyes, and dark were they as a hemlock grove. Cold was his expression, and inscrutable, for thought like a brooding cloud enfolded him. But at last the perfect beauty of the night pierced his mantle of

reasoning, and he felt the loveliness of the solitude. He saw the trees rising straight and tall up into the starlit heavens, and the clustering ferns growing near the trees did he behold. He listened to the singing of a little brook as it purled over its pebbly course, and the murmur of innumerable trees did he hear. He inhaled the balmy air of the summer evening, and the fragrance of a thousand blooming flowers did he smell.

"Ah," he mused, "I thought I had forgotten how to feel; I thought I could only reason, yet my heart is aglow tonight as it was years ago, when I strayed in these woods by my father's side."

At last as the philosopher stood by an ancient tree he saw before him, gleaming in the moonlight, a little pool. Around it fragile columbine swayed in the breathing wind, and countless ferns drooped, mirroring their graceful forms in its tranquil surface. On the tender grass by the side of the grot knelt a nymph and a faun. The opalescent robe of the nymph was of mystical green, like the green of a slender white birch.

"More beautiful than the sunlight, more beautiful than the springtime are you," said the faun, as he gazed at the reflected beauty of the kneeling nymph.

Laughing, the elfin maiden ruffled the waters and destroyed her image. Then raising her dripping hand from the troubled pool, she stretched her arm far over its surface, and watched the sparkling drops, silvered by the moonlight, slip into the water. Rosy was her arm as the creeping arbutus, and rosy as the first soft flush of the dawn, and her fingers touched by the living water were as pink as shy, wild roses. The faun, enraptured by her loveliness, seized her moist hand and

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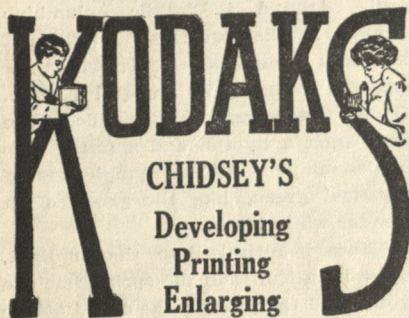
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kissed it twice and thrice, while he softly murmured,

"Let us seek our resting place, our secret dell of fairest green, which the gray cliff overshadows."

Then together the nymph and the faun glided away into the darkness.

Slowly the philosopher drew near to the ferny glade, and knelt where the nymph had knelt. He looked in the silent water, and he gazed at his cold face, while he wept for the love he had never known, and the passion he had never felt, and his tears, silvered by the moonlight, fell into the lustrous pool. Then the philosopher, too, stole away, and left the translucent water reflecting the face of the moon.

C. WASHBURN '22.

**RED AND WHITE:**

**FRESHMEN'S DELIGHT**

(Concluded from page 1, column 1).

gown, and the class tree, dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt, was planted.

Then, when the bell rang, everyone scattered to classes, while those ladies of leisure made sandwiches for the picnic. At twelve o'clock Seniors and Freshmen met at the gymnasium and departed to the banks of the Thames for the picnic, and most delightful picnic it proved. The most venturesome donned bathing suits, and went for a swim, while the rest looked on enviously from the bank, or took high leaps from the boat house roof just to settle their dinner.

But time speeds by on wings of lightning, and picnics—even the best of them—cannot last forever. Seniors and Freshmen picked up cups and spoons and sweaters, and plodded up the hill to our campus, where they wended their way out to the decorated baseball field, where the Sophomores were already warming up for the game. And when the Sophomores considered themselves warmed up sufficiently, the Freshmen took a turn at it, and succeeded in warming up so well that at the end of the ninth inning the score read 5-0. Every Freshman breathed a sigh of happiness, for the taste of victory is sweet, especially if it is the first of its kind.

But the crowning event of the won-

derful day was the Garden Tea. The whole college was invited to this delightful function, which was held in the court between Plant and Blackstone. Happy Freshmen served tea, while others just as eagerly planned fancy cookies and delectable cakes. And the whole college agreed that the tea was a great success, so that when the last cup was washed and put away, and the last cookie eaten, every Freshman folded her apron with a sigh of utter satisfaction and sublime contentment, and declared that it had been one of the happiest days she had ever spent.

M. P. TAYLOR '22.

**COMMUNITY WORK IN THE  
STATE OF CONNECTICUT**

(Concluded from page 1, column 2.)

as a house can be found to shelter the girls they will take possession of it for the summer. Working from this place as a center they will try to bring new life and joy and light to all the surrounding neighborhoods. The plans as yet are not at all definite as the problem of financial ways and means has not been solved, but C. C. always finds a way and she will make this a success.

**LAST STUDENT RECITAL OF  
YEAR HELD THURSDAY**

(Concluded from page 1, column 2.)

One of the most distinctive numbers of the evening was Rosenthal's *Papillons*, by Grace Cockings. She has a style of her own, which adds to her always perfect technique.

Helen Brown sang the Bach-Gounod *Ave Maria* in a rich, sweet, soprano voice.

The program closed with Rubenstein's *Tarantelle*, which Edith Smith played with sympathetic interpretation and vivacity.

**DRAMATIC CLUB  
ELECTS OFFICERS**

Marion Hendrie '20 will be president of the Dramatic Club next year. The other officers will be: Vice-president, Dorothy Henkle, Secretary, Catherine Troland, and Chairman of the Program Committee, Mary Hester.

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